

## Passing Comment On Local and Other Events

### The Standard Oil in China

An example of modern scientific methods as applied to the development of trade is that of the Standard Oil invasion of China. Preliminary work to pave the way for this step has been in progress for a good many years. The Standard Oil Company first spent several years investigating the life and social habits of the Chinese from the seaboard to the remotest Central Asiatic provinces.

The explorers reported that the chief obstacle to the introduction of petroleum as an illuminant was that China had no lamps. From one end of the Flowery Kingdom to the other there was nothing except the prehistoric shallow, open saucer with its floating wick, a contraption that was satisfactory for burning heavy vegetable oils and animal fats but dangerous for kerosene.

Furthermore, the explorers told the home office that if lamps were to be introduced they would have to be very cheap in cost but very good in construction. The utilitarian Chinese, they said, would not substitute kerosene for fat unless they could be "shown" the cheapness and advantage to themselves of making the change.

Then the Standard Oil Company did some experimenting with lamps. They finally hit on a style and shape that appealed to the oriental idea of what a lamp ought to be, a solid, substantial affair that could be manufactured in ship-load lots, was fool proof and could be sold for a song. The ten cent lamps were the precursor of the kerosene oil trade of China.

The American press and public have been inclined to view with alarm the Standard Oil invasion of the Shensi oil fields. As a matter of national pride they ought to credit the enterprise of the men who have been far-sighted enough to get into the great undeveloped Chinese market on the ground floor.

Trade follows trade. It used to be said that trade follows the flag, or that trade follows the missionary, but under modern competition trade the reputation of the nation, the firm or the man who placed goods in that field before.

The Standard Oil Company as a result of the careful, painstaking years of investigation of the Chinese market are establishing a reputation that will make it easier for other American lines of merchandise to follow.

### The Seamy Side of Dancing

And they call dancing immoral!

Oh, tortuous tango, where is thy charm. You immoral? Why, you are one long dreary penance. You are society's treadmill, incessant, tiresome, wearing, exhausting—1 per cent. fascination, 99 per cent. irritation.

How the gods must laugh! It is more amusing than Titania's infatuation for Bottom, more sublimely ridiculous. See the foolish pleasure-seeking female sally forth decked in her fairy trappings, palpitating with anxiety, prodding her weak vitality, spurring her feticulous laughter.

See the fixed, determined smile on her poor, tired face as she feverishly scans the room for partners; see the haunted terror in her eyes that she may not dance every dance.

See her pitiful eagerness when partners appear, her pathetic relief that this dance at least won't find her a wall flower. See the lumbering clodhopper in male attire claw her roughly round the waist, irretrievably displacing the carefully-arranged draperies, and watch her frantic efforts to avoid his great feet while simulating light, fantastic joy!

See her suppressed anguish as he lands his 180 pounds on her satin-shod toes, as he yanks her round the slithering ballroom, bumps her clumsily into other dancers. See her breath come in gasps of relief as he conducts her to a seat that she may recover her strength for the next fearsome encounter. And then watch the pitiful little comedy again as once more her eyes wander round in miserable concern that no man may claim her for his victim during the next dance.

At last he comes, the hoped-for cavalier, podgy, ill-made, irretrievably heavy, mentally and physically. She rouses herself with girlish gush, she goads her lagging merriment, she trips, she skips, she pirouettes—and all the time she loathes the man, she loathes the dance, she loathes herself—she is weary unto death.

But the gods have given society the tango, for the gods must be amused. Faithfully she toils at the new game, faithfully she laces herself into a proper state of social effervescence. Swallowing what pride she ever had, burying her last ounce of self-respect, she dedicates herself to the new craze, come what, come will. To be seen at every house where dancing is and to dance every dance, that is the "thing," all that counts, all that matters. To be out of the dance is to be out of society. She must keep going, keep going. The only shame is not to dance.

She pays naughty prices for her gowns that they may be torn to shreds by male clumsiness. She piles up bills for new shoes, since no dainty footgear of pale satin is presentable after one dance.

Night after night, afternoon after afternoon, she appears with weary heroism, knowing full well that for one dance that is worth while she must dance ten that are weary—wary to mind, body and estate.

Sometimes she is a healthy female upon whom the strain falls lightly. More often she is a defective—defective in a way for the most part. For alas, it is one of the pitiful facts of modern civilization that 90 per cent. of American married women have defective internal arrangements. They will frankly, graphically, give you the fullest details upon the slightest possible encouragement.

And, oh, their poor feet! Distorted, bunions, corn-studded, unbecomingly things to whom walking is an agony. But they must dance; they MUST dance. There are tragedies hidden in the bonedors to break one's heart. Yanking off their tattered shoes, feverishly shedding their ruined fineries, loosening their disheveled hair, they throw themselves exhausted on their beds, moaning, gasping, almost weeping, as they hysterically assure you—

"Oh, but I had a good time!"

Which merely means that she never missed a dance.

And the gods cackle with hilarious joy. Poor, dear, funny, funny fools!—Alma Whitaker in Los Angeles Times.

### The Eternal Mule

The long-eared beast of many burdens—the burden of undesired contempt being one of them—is long none of his prestige because of the coming of the motor-truck. Those who have been led to believe that the mule has been pushed back into a state of uselessness except on a few old-fashioned farms will have to back up and reconsider. Taking as a text the lamentation of The Army and Navy Journal that the supply of horses and mules is decreasing at an alarming rate, the Louisville Courier-Journal presents anew the virtues which make the lowly mule deserving of more respect than he receives. We read:

The mule family scutcheon has the bar sinister across it, but he has nevertheless occupied a secure position in society since Biblical times, and nobody knows how much longer. In the biographical dictionaries his personal achievements may not be mentioned, but he is entrenched in the Encyclopedia Britannica between Gerardus Johannes Mulder, a great Dutch chemist, and Eliza Mulford, an eminent Episcopal minister and philosopher. That is saving a good deal for an animal of modest pretensions that is popularly believed to cherish a heartier regard for the Afro-American than for others in this part of the world, and is said never to give his entire confidence to the white man as an associate.

In war the mule plays with high credit the role of Kipling's Gunga Din. He is belabored. But he is always on hand when needed, and he is always needed. In peace he is sportive. His humor is sometimes mistaken for spitefulness when he kicks a well-meaning farmer into a protracted colic at a hospital or sends his soul skyward into the hereafter with his body not far behind. But when it comes to pulling a load, uphill or on the level, subsisting upon a limited menu, and

starting the veterinarian, he puts it all over his hands and more aristocratic cousin, the horse. Wherever the footing meets the requirements of an able-bodied goat the mule can go and is willing to "tote his load." His hide is tough and weather-proof, and his expectancy of life is higher than that of a thoroughbred.

Electricity relieved the mule of the task of pulling street-cars. Inventive genius has provided an electric substitute for him on the tow-path along the Panama Canal. The treadmill is now used chiefly as a figure of speech. Where the lay of the land is right more or less plowing is done by tractor. But there is still plenty of work for the mule to do. It is his proud distinction to cost nearly as much as a small automobile. He is built on the original model. He has the same tendency to back-fire that made it a risky business to start him when Alexander set out to cross the Indus, when Tamerlane crossed the Ganges, when Hannibal crossed the Alps, when Charles Martel double-crossed the Moors, when Washington crossed the Delaware, and when the farmer boy tried to cross a swollen creek in the last freshet. Although he is sometimes infernal, the mule is eternal.

### Race Conflict of Nations

It is not for nothing that the spectre of Asia hangs over all our discussions of immigration bills, says the Boston Herald. The world is now face to face, as never before, with the problem of race difference and how to solve it. Our colored stocks have ceased to be the plant material they were before the advent of the newspaper and era of popular education. Within the last few years they have witnessed the triumphs of Japan, the ferment in Persia and Turkey, the overthrow of a centuries-old dynasty in China. The land of the pyramids has its "nationalist" agitation, and the cry goes up—for the Egyptians, the Syrians, Armenians and Jews—"Egypt for the Egyptians!"

In South Africa a native and colored population of over four and a half millions demands from scarcely 1,200,000 Europeans its industrial and political rights. Both Brahminism and nationalism menace the old order in India, and there is not a fluctuation in the Mohammedan "unrest" which the administrative thermometer does not record. The native orators are few in a country of three hundred millions, but they go forth with degrees at Oxford and Cambridge, and their message is ominous. In the story of "Siri Ram, the Revolutionist," Bharat Mata. The student is enjoined to suck the life blood of our his foot. "Our country is enjoined to trample the demon under the Golden Land. Her hour has come again. Drums are beating. Heroes and martyrs lead. Look at Savaji, Napoleon Bonaparte."

### WHAT SOMETIMES HAPPENS



### WHEN TWO IMMOVABLE BODIES ( )—



### MEET AN IRRESISTIBLE FORCE

—Washington Herald.

partie and other heroes of Germany and France. Look at Japan! Take only a life for a life."

Add to the claims of nationalism and the demand for free migration and the problem of race grows portentous. The significant feature of it is that the white man is shouldering a burden much heavier than himself. He has 453,500,000 of his own stocks in Europe, 85,000,000 in North America, in Australasia 6,000,000, 20,000,000 in South America, and 1,500,000 in Africa. But there are 947,000,000 colored people in Asia alone; Africa contributes 140,000,000; in our own country 10,000,000 of them are at home. Today the whites on the planet, even reckoning as such the mixed elements of Mexico, Cuba, West Indies, Central and South America, number no more than 619,000,000, while the colored races aggregate 1,099,000,000 in a total world population of 1,718,000,000.

Nor is religion a negligible factor. The Buddhists claim 121,000,000, the Mahomedans count up to 175,290,000, the Brahmins number 214,000,000 and the Confucians 300,000,000—a total of over 810,000,000, against 540,000,000 who call themselves Christians. Remember that the absorption of the ancient faiths by our own is an exceedingly slow process, subject to constant setbacks. And none of the popular colored stocks seem to be "dying out"; on the contrary, most of them give promise of increasing faster than the whites. How is this mass of conflicting interests to be harmonized? Of one thing we may be sure in a world which is to remain a checker board of race—that the problem will not be wholly of our own solving.

### The Solemn Warning

At last the agony of suspense is removed, writes "Vanity Fair" in the San Francisco Argonaut. The university professors constituting the National Conference on Race Betterment has met at Battle Creek and has now promulgated its conclusions. The nation is saved. But the uncertainty while it lasted was something horrid.

Our debt to these great and good men may never be known, since the newspapers have evidently entered into a conspiracy of silence with regard to the proceedings. The editorial blue pencil moves down whole regiments and phalanxes of resolutions and motions and the editorial voice is heard to murmur something about the usual advertising rates. But something has percolated through to the palpitating heart of the world and eventually we shall know it all.

"Take, for example, the solemn warning issued by Professor Cattell of Columbia University. He tells us that in the next century there will probably be no birth at all. Now just think of that. And we are so powerless in the matter. Our first impulse is to rush wildly forth resolved to do or die and to accomplish all that a man may to avert this catastrophe. Heaven knows it is little enough.

## SOME REMARKS HIGH PRIVATE JONES

"It's a wonder to me," remarked High Private Jones, addressing the barber shop crowd, "why these daily papers here don't hit somebody to edit their news. I'm referin' to army news in particular. Just look at this, will you?" he said, exhibiting the first page of the morning paper which had just arrived. The sheet was given up to an account of a steamer which had been destroyed by explosion in the harbor the previous evening. The article was dramatically presented, had a large size illustration of the captain, and the names of the persons reported lost.

"Now, this looks all right I suppose to people who don't know," continued Jones, but it falls down right from the start with me. "In the first place just look where they got their information. A sergeant and a cook at one of these Coast Artillery forts saw it happen and reported to their captain. Now, that's a phony combination right off the reel. Of course, if a ship did blow up or something, it might be seen from a Coast Artillery fort all right, but not by a sergeant and a cook."

"Well, why couldn't a sergeant and a cook see it happen as well as anyone else?" asked the head barber. Jones favored him with a withering glance. "How long you been in this war?" he queried. "No wonder these youngsters ask fool questions after listening to your line of chatter. You ought to know better. If the sergeant an' the officer of the day saw this here catastrophe, or the sergeant an' the corporal of the guard, or the sentry on post, it might look all right on the face of it, but the sergeant an' the cook, never."

"Any place you find a sergeant in this army you'll find an icebox, just bet the ice box you can have things conjured up that don't exist at all. Anybody should know that a sergeant an' a cook foolin' around an ice box after supper can see whole fleets of torpedo boat destroyers, wholly invisible to anyone else. Especially in the comm' line. They're hangin' around the water lookin' at boats all the time. Naturally when they see something that ain't why it's most apt to be a boat. Stands to reason."

"Now, if you an' me was invited to sit in around the cooler in the evening why we might see some nice new quarters, an' pretty lawns, an' improved roads, an' things where they ain't, but them heavy doughs is most likely to see boats. An' accordin' to the table of percentages one of these here imaginary boats is due to blow up once in a while."

"That's why I say these papers ought to have some guy that's onto the ropes edit this army news."

"Seems to me the general might lend 'em his aide to censor stuff like this. Aint an aide supposed to know everything?"

## Small Talks

JACK DOYLE.—As a strong believer in law and order, like Darr L. Withington, I am at a loss to know what has gotten into this community lately.

W. C. ACHI.—In all this talk about material for Joe Fern's job has anybody mentioned the name of Charlie Achi? If they haven't I think they should.

D. L. CONKLING.—With the protect, a second Hawaiian government bonds on the mainland is it any wonder that we hold the market so handsomely?

JAMIE WILDER.—The falling of Queen Kapiolani's portrait the other day was closely followed by the confirmation of W. W. Thayer as secretary of Hawaii.

GOVERNOR PINKHAM.—It is manifestly fit and proper that the first land outside of the Capital Island I should visit should be Kauai, the garden of the Territory.

HENRY SMITH.—I guess after this attorneys wanting to keep anything out of the papers will be referred personally to the press. I don't care to get into hot water unless I have to.

JAMES D. LEVENSON.—I hope Honolulu will not be caught asleep when the Ad Clubites return on Monday morning from Kauai, for I would hate to think what would happen to the old town in that case.

JUDGE MONSARRAT.—I am of the opinion that the legal remedies are open to all and that the best way is to treat everybody alike. For instance, in the case of newspaper publicity nothing should be covered up.

MARK NED.—From the amount of booze exhibitions I saw down at Kakaia last Sunday, in the vicinity of the lumber yard, I would not be at all surprised to learn that there are a number of very blind pigs in the land of reclamation.

SUPERVISOR WOLTER.—Certainly that foolish and obsolete ordinance against auto using the Tantalus road is going to be repealed. I thought of this some time ago and am glad that The Advertiser has brought this matter to our attention.

"DAD MACKAYE.—For a game that requires real mature judgment and brain work give me chess. When a man plays chess with me he lays open his brain chamber to me. This has caused me to become a student of human nature of a mean degree."

B. J. TOTLAND, of the Y. M. C. A.—There is nothing that will make a man madder than not to receive his Sunday morning paper. I have had mine stolen for five consecutive Sundays. I am thinking seriously of enlisting the assistance of the police to watch the building.

FRED J. TURRILL.—Pacht! Don't say a word but watch. If we don't come together with a pretty decided thud pretty soon we will find another man from Tennessee coming our way. You see, there is that internal revenue collectorship plum ready for the picking.

CAPT. HENRY F. WEEDEN.—The Matsen people are as proud of Honolulu as the city is of the company and I really believe that the two are twins. It won't be long before another new Matsen boat will be making its maiden trip to Honolulu. Just wait and watch.

W. C. M'KEAN.—There is no reason in the world for attorneys from the outside world being imported here to handle important cases, as I have learned in connection with the recent murder case, for the local men of the law are as high up in the game as any I know elsewhere.

L. D. TIMMONS.—(Not by Wireless) One thing about this Ad Club spirit we have noticed the past two days on Kauai is that it may breed opposition to the newspaper trust conducted by myself, but I hope we have the situation so well in hand that the opposition will be obviated.

M. C. PACHECO.—Has anybody here seen (heard) "Soapy"? I am given to understand that on his arrival at Mecca the army of unemployed received a noisy addition to its ranks. This may be a canard, after all, for I don't think the unemployed would give Barron a job in its ranks.

JOHN DETOR.—Now that George Lycurgus is expected back soon from Greece we should have some later news as to the Greek consularship and the visit of the Greek battleship Averoff. The Greek colony here is anxious to learn more particulars on these two interesting subjects.

CAPT. LUIS SELF.—It was pretty hard for me to believe that the Maui, myself and crew, had been blown up and disappeared entirely, news of which came to me at Kealia, Kauai, on Friday morning. There was the news, however, and how in the world could I help believing it.

"JACK" S. KALAKIELA.—There must be some real hard times in Honolulu, for I have not seen the names of Kalakiel, Kaniho, Kupihua and Kaukau in the papers for quite some time. I think the legislature should be called in special session to see why the honorables are so slighted.

JOHN W. CALDWELL.—I am told that certain people in Honolulu are putting up buildings for the storage of gasoline and other inflammables. It is reported that these buildings do not comply with the requirements of law. I am going to look into this and see that the law is followed out.

JOSHUA D. TUCKER.—Between the Governor and yours truly all land troubles are being adjusted as time is found to do so. There was such an accumulation of land office work on hand when Governor Pinkham took office that I deem it truly marvelous that so much has been accomplished since.

FRANK M. BARRERE.—This thing of being a marriage license agent is not all that it is cracked up to be, as I have already discovered. One does not like to be awakened in the middle of the night to accommodate people who could just as well have attended to the little matter of getting out a permit during the day.

THOMAS TREADWAY.—I thank my stars that I am able now to retire nights without fear that my restful slumbers will be disturbed by some love-maddened couple. I had enough of that while it lasted. Now, it is the other fellow who will have to put up with it. But as he is being paid to do it, he should worry. I don't.

RICHARD BRASCH.—(Owner and Proprietor of the Sydney Bulletin) The average American is given to exaggeration of facts but in naming Honolulu "The Paradise of the Pacific" you haven't half told the story. Honolulu is one of the world's beauty spots. Of course you have nothing to compare with "Our Harbor," but still you have some of the finest scenery in the world.

ALICE MAY.—Talking over prospects with Henry Hapai and Ed. Towse the other day we agreed unanimously that the new Kaimuki Tennis Club has a great future before it and we therefore determined that nothing should be left undone which might bring about this much desired condition of affairs for the enjoyment of the people who always revel in the delights of a racquet.

A. L. C. ATKINSON.—If the supervisors see no other way of retrenchment than cutting out ten members of the Hawaiian band; let them cut the whole band out and retire Captain Berger on a pension. He is certainly deserving of it after the many years of service he has rendered this country. The present band with ten members short would be a thing of curiosity and a joke forever.

JACK BRASCH.—Business Manager Sydney Bulletin: The general impression that there is no room for Americans in Australia is an erroneous one. There is always room for honest, square dealing, hustling Americans down there under the Southern Cross but we certainly have no time for some of the Rufus Wallingford and other shady individuals who have tried to prey on our people in the past two years.

SUPERVISOR PACHECO.—The Advertiser hit the nail on the head in its editorial columns this morning when it commented on "Government by Children." We have not gone about the matter of meeting our financial problem in the right way. What we need to do is for all departments to get together and decide upon a policy of retrenchment without favoritism. I am opposed to dispensing with the services of the band, for if there is any time a person needs music to cheer him it is during a season of business depression, and I favor keeping the band, even if we must make deeper cuts elsewhere.

navy is only going about the business of practicing how to take life. Never a wreck off our storm-bound Atlantic coast, nor a raging nor-wester lashing the coast of the Pacific, but the revenue cutters are poking their noses out of port, when the strongest seagoing tugs refuse to go to sea to respond to wireless calls for help.

The Ono-laga, that hurried from the Chesapeake Capes to the Monroe and Nantuxet; the stout little hookers that every day help a ship or her crew to escape Honolulu; the frostbitten men that aid our Banks fishermen to get ashore; the men that destroy derelicts, and save others; that are always first on a perilous detail, and the last to leave it—that is the service which is proud of being "the original naval force of the country." And the "assistance of vessels in distress" is one of the proudest of its duties. More power and glory to it!

### The Revenue Cutters

There is a service, but little known to Americans on the seacoast, except seafarers there, and known hardly at all to inlanders, who are daily brought to join the navy, that is one of the most efficient arms of this government at sea, says the Philadelphia Press. That is the United States revenue cutter service. In war it is but an auxiliary of the navy, although the war with Spain proved it deserves the name of being much more than that.

But in peace, "which takes its victories as well as war," as the proverb goes, the revenue cutter service is active in saving human life when the